Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch another neighbor ſtood in our way;
If we may paſſe, we will; if we be hindered,
We ſhal your tawny groũd with your red blood diſcolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it.

*Herald.* I ſhall deliuer ſo: thanks to your Maieſty.

*Gloſt.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

*Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, and Gebon.*

*Con.* Tut, I haue the beſt armour in the world.

*Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horſe haue his due.

*Bur.* Now you talke of a horſe,
I haue a ſteed like the Palfrey of the ſunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

*Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

*Bur.* And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the ſands into eloquent tongues,
And my horſe is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praiſe of my horſe,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praiſe of ones Miſtreſſe.

*Bur.* Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praiſe of my horſe,
For my horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

*Bur.*



*Bur.* I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Conſt
My Miſtreſſe weares her owne haire.

*Con.* I could make as good a boaſt of that,
If I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

*Bur.* Tut, thou wilt make vſe of any thing

*Con.* Yet I do not vſe my horſe for my Mi

*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way ſhall be paued with engliſh fa

*Con.* By my faith ſo will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.

*Bur.* Well, ile go arme my ſelfe; hay,

*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for mo

*Orleance.* I, he longs to eate the Engliſh.

*Con.* I thinke hee'l eate all he kils.

*Orlean.* O peace, ill will neuer ſaid well.

*Con.* Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendſhip.

*Orle.* O ſir, I can anſwer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

*Con.* Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.

*Orle.* Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is ſimply
The moſt actiue Gentleman of *France.*

*Con.* Doing his actiuity, and hee'l ſtill be

*Orle.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

*Orle.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

*Con.* I was told ſo by one that knowes hin you.

*Orle.* Whoſe that?

*Con.* Why he told me ſo himſelfe.
And ſaid he cared not who knew it.

*Orle.* Well, who will go with me to hazar
For a hundred Engliſh priſoners?

*Con.* You muſt go to hazard your ſelfe,